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## MORE LIGHT ON THE '45.

WHAT Lord Rosebery has termed 'our last historical romance' still draws public interest. Immediately on the publication of Mr Andrew Lang's 'Pickle the Spy,' identifying this infamous personage with the great Highland chief Alastair Ruadh Macdonnell, the author was drawn into a brisk correspondence in the newspapers to still further establish and prove his point; there were numerous letters for and against, and the discussion is not yet ended. In like manner, references to the '45 in the autumn of 1895 led to a deluge of correspondence in the *Scotsman* from all quarters, many of the letters containing valuable items of information. No volumes of the Scottish History Society have been more popular than those dealing with the Rebellion—one of them the presentation volume from Lord Rosebery, containing the list of persons concerned in it. Another is that best of all quarries for information about the '45, Bishop Forbes's 'Lyon in Mourning,' once the property of Dr Robert Chambers, and used by him in 'Jacobite Memoirs;' issued complete, in three volumes, with index; this work has been so eagerly sought after that it is now worth five years' subscriptions to the Society. As supplementary to this, there is the 'Itinerary of Prince Charles Edward,' prepared by Mr W. B. Laikie, in which the Prince's wanderings after Culloden may be traced by notes and maps. An earlier attempt at an Itinerary was that drawn up a few years ago by Mr R. E. Francillon, the novelist, and printed in a Highland newspaper. Among recent publications of interest are the letters of Mrs Grant of Laggan to Sir Henry Stuart of Allanton, which passed into the hands of Dr Robert Chambers, and are now published by the History Society, with an introduction by Mr J. R. N. Macphail. When the 'Journals and Papers' of John Murray of Broughton, the Prince's secretary, see the light, a further source of original information will be available. Two volumes issued by the New Spalding Club, entitled

'Historical Papers Relating to the Jacobite Period, 1699-1750,' edited by Colonel James Allardyce (1895-96), are also full of Rebellion material.

A perusal of any of these volumes sends one back to the 'History of the Rebellion of 1745,' by Dr Robert Chambers, which has continued to be an authority upon the subject from its first publication in 1827 till the present time. In the preface to the seventh edition of 1869 Dr Chambers safeguards himself against the idea that this was merely a Jacobite history. He had striven to be impartial; he expressly says that he disapproved of the whole attempt of 1745, thinking that its authors were under a grave mistake in preferring a superior right of one to the interests of the whole body of the people. And he adds that 'undoubtedly it was a crime to disturb with war, and to some extent with rapine, a nation enjoying internal peace under a settled government.' At the same time, full justice is done to all who moved across the page of this history, and to the heroic self-denial of those who followed Prince Charles Edward. Though many interesting items of information have recently emerged, there is nothing, save in the work first mentioned, to materially change our estimate of the main actors in the drama, as given by Dr Chambers.

Mr Lang's 'Pickle the Spy, or the Incognito of Prince Charles' (Longmans, 1897), is conspicuous for importance in recent Rebellion literature, and appeals strongly to the reader's 'passion of curiosity.' Strong circumstantial evidence is here produced to show that the chief of Glengarry, Alastair Ruadh Macdonnell, was the spy in question, and not as has been assumed, James Mohr MacGregor or Drummond, son of Rob Roy, who also figures so infamously during this period, and as such appears in R. L. Stevenson's 'Catriona.' Although Stevenson had not all these damning documents before him, according to Mr Lang he divined James Mohr with the assured certainty of genius. Pickle, who borrowed this name from Smollett's 'Peregrine Pickle,' quite belied the appearance of a spy and traitor. Young

Glenarry is described as 'tall, athletic, with a frank and pleasing face;' and he was also brave, for did he not move freely 'in France, England, and Scotland, well knowing that the *skian* was sharpened for his throat if he were detected.' Here is a list of some of his doings, for he seems to have been as consummate a scoundrel as Lord Lovat: 'He spoils the Elibank Plot, he reveals the hostile policy of Frederick the Great, he leads on the arrest of Archibald Cameron, he sows dissension, he traduces and betrays. He finally ravages his land, robs his tenants, dabbles (probably) in the French scheme of invasion (1759), offers further information, tries to sell a regiment of his clan, and dies unexposed in 1761.' Thanks to Mr Lang's burrowings amongst the Stuart Papers in the Royal Library, Windsor, and the Pelham Papers in the British Museum, the exposure is now complete. The identification is based on facts such as these: The writing of Pickle and young Glenarry is identical, and both misspell words in the same way; Pickle's letters speak of his father's death soon after old Glenarry died; Pickle asks that a letter should be addressed to him to the care of Macdonnell of Glenarry, and speaks of his clan and estates in terms that agree well with Glenarry's; and at least two Jacobite contemporaries said Glenarry was a rogue and traitor.

Before dealing with 'Pickle,' Mr Lang gives a comprehensive view of the history of the period, and a lively picture of Prince Charles, doing full justice to the romance of his early career, when his better nature was more in evidence, and follows the whole sordid story of his continental life, lifting the veil from some of his hitherto unknown movements between 1749 till his father's death in 1766. A correction is made as to the colour of his eyes; they were not *blue* but *brown*, and an eminent artist has pointed out the remarkable resemblance in his early profile to that of Queen Victoria in her youth. After 1749 he seems to have moved here and there in England, France, Germany, and Flanders. Part of this time he was in hiding in an alcove of the Paris convent of St Joseph, in the Rue St Dominique; 'unseen and unknown, he enjoyed every day the conversation of the most distinguished society, and heard much good and much evil spoken of himself.' Amongst the books he read were 'Tom Jones,' 'Joseph Andrews,' 'Athalia,' 'Clarissa,' and Wood and Dawkins' 'Ruins of Palmyra.' The Polish Princesse de Talmond figures in his later wanderings, a less worthy Flora Macdonald. There are other intrigues; Clementina Walkinshaw, whom he had first met near Bannockburn, joined him in Paris, travelled with him to Ghent, took his travelling name of Johnson, was treated and regarded as his wife, lived with him at Liège, and bore him a daughter in 1763. By this time Charles had more than blighted Jacobite hopes by his careless and cruel conduct and frequent dissipation, although his Scottish supporters were loyal to him till the last. Pickle was on his track by 1750 or 1751, and advised the English government as to his movements.

Scott is believed to have suspected the identity of Pickle, and the prototype of Fergus Mac-

Ivor in 'Waverley,' Alastair Macdonnell, who gave Scott his dog Maida, was a descendant of the chief now incriminated. The materials of this history were transmitted all too late by Mr Lang to R. L. Stevenson with the view of their being used in a romance which would have revolved round the buried treasure of Loch Arkaig, and which, as has been suggested, might have been called 'Treasure Loch, a Pendant to Treasure Island.' The value of this treasure is variously stated at 40,000 and 27,000 louis d'or, of which 19,000 were buried near the head of the loch, and 12,000 near the foot. According to Lord Elcho, Pickle and his father helped themselves to the extent of at least 1200 louis d'or. At Charles's request, the slender remains of this treasure were carried by Cluny to Paris in 1754. It seems to have sown dissension, setting 'clan against clan, kinsman against kinsman; had stained honourable names, and probably had helped to convert Glenarry into Pickle.' The Highlanders have not yet forgotten the treasure. 'You have caught one of the Prince's money-bags,' said a boatman to a fisherman on Loch Arkaig, who had hooked something heavy. It was, however, only a trout of 15 lbs. weight.

Alastair Ruadh Macdonnell was the son of the twelfth chief of Glenarry, whom he succeeded in 1754. His grandfather, Black Alister, did mighty deeds of prowess at Killiecrankie and Sheriffmuir. While holding a captain's commission in the Scots Brigade in France, young Alastair in 1745 was bearer of a letter from the Scottish Jacobites to Charles, bidding him not venture over to Britain without adequate French support. Young Glenarry was captured on the seas, imprisoned in the Tower for twenty-two months, and only released in 1747. His father was in Edinburgh prison about the same time, and was set at liberty later. Young Glenarry communicated from Paris with 'James III.' and the Cardinal Duke of York, asking 'suitable encouragement' and protesting loyalty. He was in London in 1749 and 1751, and, reduced to deplorable straits, having received nothing from James save a duplicate of his father's warrant to be a peer, decided that he must either starve or conform. So he turned spy like James Mohr MacGregor and Samuel Cameron. He had sold his sword and shoe-buckles in London in 1749, and also took money raised by a priest who pawned the watch of Mrs Murray of Broughton. He seems never to have been paid for his services to government, although he was continually dunning his masters for money. Henry Pelham, secretary of state, received much of his information.

Here is an example of a dunning letter from Pickle: 'If he [the Duke of Newcastle] thinks that my services, of which I have given convincing proofs, will answer to his advancing directly eight hundred pounds, which is the least that can clear the debts of my former Jants (jaunts), and fix me to the certain payment yearly of Five hundred at two several terms, he may command anything in my power upon all occasions. . . . I am so far from thinking this extravagant that I am persuaded it will save them as many thousands by discarding that swarm of videts (vedettes, minor spies) which never was in the past trusted. Pickle had various aliases, such as 'Jeanson,' 'Alexander Jackson,' and 'Roderick Random.'

He was in correspondence with the Hanoverian government between 1752 and 1760, and he died a year later. 'Yet in the government of the world,' adds Mr Lang, 'Pickle served England well. But for him there might have been another Highland rising, and more fire and bloodshed. But for him the Royal Family might have perished in a nocturnal brawl. Only one man, Archibald Cameron, died through Pickle's treasons.' About these treasons Mr Lang has woven an interesting narrative of over three hundred pages.

The government had serious work in settling the Highlands after the Rebellion. A letter in one of the New Spalding Club books, dated 1747, from one lieutenant-colonel (who seems to have been tired of the job) to another, says, 'The Glen-garry and Lochaber men are playing the devil in the Highlands, for finding they are cut off from their usual resources from the Low Country, they publicly declare they will borrow from those who never lost one single cow since the Rebellion. Lord grant, John, they would devour one another likewise.'

We have only space to refer to two other Rebellion books. In the New Spalding Club volume, the armed strength of the Highlands, just before the Rebellion, is quoted at twenty thousand men. In Lord Rosebery's published list of rebels, which is by no means complete, two thousand five hundred and ninety names are given. When Charles made his requisition upon Edinburgh, it was for six thousand pairs of shoes, one thousand tents, and two thousand targets. The *Caledonian Mercury* gives the number of Highlanders engaged at Prestonpans at one thousand four hundred and fifty-six. According to Lord George Murray, the army that invaded England was not above five thousand fighting men; with the force that remained in Scotland, the total was nine thousand. Lord Rosebery's list, though incomplete, proves that considerably less than half the number of adherents are Highland clan names, the bulk of the rebel force being from the districts of Dundee, Kincardine, Aberdeen, and the north-east of Scotland. The New Spalding Club volumes, already mentioned, throw much light on the rising in these districts.

In the letters of Mrs Grant of Laggan, printed in the twenty-sixth volume of the Scottish History Society, there is a life-like portrait of that old renegade, Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, who, along with Lochiel, was a prime mover in the Rebellion, and was beheaded in London in 1747. At Castle Dunie, where he kept open table, while professing to be generous to his guests he was mean to his own retainers, who had little or no wages, and had no food allowed to them but what they carried off on the plates. The consequence was that 'you durstn't quit your knife and fork a moment. Your plate was snatched if you looked another way.' After the death of the first Lady Lovat all restraint was thrown off; his daughters left him, as they could not endure his profane and licentious manners. When unwieldy and corpulent, he lost the use of his lower limbs, and was carried in a litter, with a great easy-chair borne after him. Few loved and none trusted him, yet he had subtlety enough to move the whole north to his purpose without laying himself open to detection. 'Remember,' he said fiercely once to

Prince Charles, when he expressed an inclination to give up his enterprise, 'your great ancestor, Robert Bruce, who lost eleven battles, and won Scotland by the twelfth.'

## MY LORD DUKE.\*

### CHAPTER XIII.—THE INTERREGNUM.

LADY CAROLINE SELLWOOD was delighted to find Jack in the hall on making her descent next morning. He appeared lost, however, in a gloomy admiration of the ghostly guard in armour; the attitude and the expression were alike so foreign to him, that Lady Caroline halted on the stairs. But only for a moment; the next, Jack was overwhelmed by the soft tempest of her goodwill, and making prodigious efforts to return her smiles.

Suddenly she became severe.

'You're knocked up! You look as if you hadn't had a wink of sleep. Oh, I knew how it would be after all that racket; you dear, naughty Duke, you should have spared yourself more!'

'I was a fool,' admitted Jack. 'But—but I say, Lady Caroline, I do wish you wouldn't Duke me any more!'

'How sweet of you!' murmured Lady Caroline.

'You know you didn't last night!' he hastily reminded her.

'But that was an occasion.'

'Well! so is this!' exclaimed Jack, and his tone struck the other more than she showed.

'Where is Claude?' inquired Lady Caroline suddenly.

'On his way to Devenholme.'

'Devenholme!'

'And London, for the day. He had to catch the nine-forty.'

'So he has gone up to town! Odd that one never heard anything about it—I mean to say he could have made himself so useful to one. May I ask when he decided to go?'

Jack hesitated. He had been charged to keep a discreet tongue during Claude's absence; he had been supplied with a number of reasons and excuses ready-made; but perfect frankness was an instinctive need of this primitive soul, whose present thoughts stood out in easy print upon his face, even as he resolved to resist his instincts for once.

'He decided—this morning,' said Jack at last; and he took from his pocket a lengthy newspaper cutting attached to a pale green slip: 'This is an article on him and his books, that has just appeared in the *Parthenon*. What wouldn't I give to lay a hold of the brute who wrote it! I call it the sort of thing to answer with a hiding. It's one of a series headed "Our Minor Poets," which Claude says has been bad enough all through; but this article on him is the worst and most brutal of the lot. And—and—and old Claude took it to heart, of course; and—and he's run up to town for the day.'

'Because of a severe criticism! I should have thought he was used to them by now. Poor dear Claude; he can string a pretty rhyme, but he never was a poet. And you, Jack—since you insist—you never were an actor—until to-day!'

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Jack hung his head.

'You don't do it well enough, you dear fellow,' continued Lady Caroline caressingly. 'As if you could impose upon me! You must first come to me for lessons. Candidly now: what has taken him up to town in such a hurry? The same thing that—kept you awake all night?'

'Candidly, then,' said Jack, raising his haggard face doggedly, 'it was! And if you'll come out upon the terrace for five minutes, I'll tell you exactly what's wrong. You have a right to know; and I can trust you not to let it go any further for the moment. Even if I couldn't, I'd have to tell you straight! I hate keeping things up my sleeve; I can't do it; so let me make a clean breast of the whole shoot, Lady Caroline, and be done with it till Claude comes back.'

Lady Caroline took a discouraging view of the situation. The Red Marquis had been capable of anything: cousins though they were, she could not help telling Jack that her parents had forbidden her to dance with his father as a young girl. This might be painful hearing, but in such a crisis it was necessary to face the possibilities; and Lady Caroline, drawing a little away from her companion in order to see how he was facing them, forgot to take his arm any more as they sauntered in the sun. She undertook, however, to keep the matter to herself until Claude's return, at the mention of whose name she begged to look at the cutting from the *Parthenon*.

'A most repulsive article,' her ladyship informed Olivia after breakfast, but not until she had repeated to the girl the entire substance of the late conversation on the terrace. 'I never read anything more venomously ill-bred in my life; and so untrue! To say he is no poet—our Claude! But we who know him, thank goodness, we know better. It is the true poetry, not only in, but between every line, that distinguishes dear Claude from the mere stringers of pretty rhymes of whom the papers sicker: one in these latter days. But where are you going, my love?'

'To get ready to go with—Jack.'

'To go where, pray?'

'Why, to Devenholme, as we arranged last night,' replied Olivia, with spirit. 'He said he would drive me over; and you said "how sweet of him," and beamed upon us both!'

Lady Caroline winced. 'You impertinent chit!' she cried viciously; 'you know as well as I do that what I have told you alters everything. Once and for all, Olivia, I forbid you to drive into Devenholme with—with—that common man!'

'Very well; the drive's off,' said the girl with swift decision; and she left her mother without another word.

She put on her habit and went straight to Jack.

'Do you mind if we ride into Devenholme instead of driving?'

'Mind! I should like it even better.'

'Then suppose we go to the stable-yard and see about our horses ourselves; and while we are there, we may as well stay and start by the back road, which will save at least a quarter of a mile.'

'My oath,' said Jack, without further provocation, 'you might have been dragged up in the bush!'

'I wish I had been!' exclaimed Olivia bitterly. He could not understand her tone. Nor did he ever know the meaning of the momentary fighting glitter in the brave brown eyes of the girl.

He rode as an inveterate bushman, entirely on the snaffle, with inelegantly short stirrups and a regrettable example of the back-block bend; nor did his well-broken hack give him a chance of exhibiting any of the finer qualities of the rough-riding school. But indeed for the most part the couple sat at ease in their saddles, while the horses dawdled with loose reins and lazy necks in the cool shadows of the roadside trees. By mutual consent they had dispensed with an attendant groom. And Olivia had never been so kind to Jack as on this day when he was under so black a cloud, with so heavy a seal upon his lips.

For once she talked to him; as a rule she liked better to listen, with large eyes intent, and sympathetic lips apart—ever ready with the helpful word. But to-day she was wishful to entertain, to take him out of himself, to console without letting him suspect that she knew as much as he had told her mother. In a sense she knew more, for Lady Caroline had duly exaggerated his frank confession; and the girl's heart bled for her friend, on the brink of a disillusion without parallel in her knowledge. So she told him of her life in town and elsewhere; of the treadmill round of toilsome pleasure; of the penance of dressing and smiling with unflagging prettiness; of the hollow friendships and hollow loves of that garish life, and the unutterable staleness of the whole conventional routine. No doubt she overated her case; and certainly her strictures were themselves conventional; but she was perfectly aware of both facts, and would have been exceedingly sorry to have had this conversation recorded against her. Olivia had a healthy horror of superiority, either of the moral or the intellectual order. But she was conducting a conversation with an obvious purpose; and it was only when he told her again, and more earnestly than before, how suited she was for the bush, that she proposed a canter, and turned him on to talk a mile nearer Devenholme.

'Now it's you to play,' she told him as they drew rein; 'and I want to hear some of your adventures. You've never told us any, yet you must have had heaps. So far I've only heard about the hut, the sheep, the homestead, and your old boss.'

'A white man!' interjected Jack. 'I wish you knew him.'

'So do I; but I can quite picture him; and just now I would much rather hear about some of your own adventures. So begin!'

Jack laughed.

'Really, Miss Sellwood, I never had one in my life!'

'Then really, my Lord Duke, I can't believe a word!'

Jack was laughing no more.

'Don't call me that!' he cried. 'For pity's sake, call me Jack!'

She had forgotten. Her heart smote her now, and the difficulty was to conceal her unsuspected sympathy; so she insisted on his calling her Olivia, to conclude the bargain; and the double



innovation made them both so self-conscious that she forgot her thirst for his adventures, while he brooded heavily upon his bitter-sweet advancement won too late.

So they came into Devenholme as the sun was shining fore and aft along the quaint old English streets. And in the town, where he was well enough known by this time, poor Jack was received with a cruel consideration that would have hurt him even more than it did had he dreamt how it affected his companion. The tender-hearted girl was inexpressibly grieved, and never more than when the jeweller mentioned a hundred guineas as the price of the ring to be changed; indeed, the situation in the jeweller's shop was perilously charged with hidden emotions. In his terribly equivocal position, Jack could not press upon Olivia things for which he might never be able to pay; neither could Olivia now refuse any present at all, nor yet lead him as low as she would have liked in the price, for fear of revealing her illicit knowledge. So at last they hit upon a curb-bracelet that fastened with a tiny padlock. It cost but forty-five shillings. And when he had locked it upon her right wrist, he pocketed the key without a remark, then paid ready money and left the shop in a throbbing agony of shame. The poor jeweller stood bowing them out with the hundred-guinea ring still in his hand.

#### THE CHIN HILLS AND THEIR INHABITANTS.

It was of certain rebellious Spanish tribes that a Greek writer of Roman history said that they seemed to exist for the sole purpose of maintaining the Roman army in fighting efficiency. The dictum is at once exaggerated and cynical, but it expresses a truth analogous to that which some people in our day express with less political insight and more uncharitableness, when they ascribe the frontier and tribal wars which are of such constant occurrence in modern Indian history to the insatiable cupidity of the British officer for medals and decorations. It is the old fallacy of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, and leaving it for what it is worth, we may be content to observe that one of the results—a beneficial result, too, in its way—of the wars which the factiousness of our warlike and barbarous neighbours in India forces upon us, is that of keeping our army up to its fighting pitch, and teaching it those lessons of military experience which in these piping times of peace are not otherwise to be obtained, and without which its mechanism would run the risk of rusting and proving useless should a more serious call at any time be made upon it.

But this is only one, and a comparatively insignificant, result. It is popularly believed in this country that British rule is on the whole ultimately a blessing to those who are subject to it; and though in some other countries the belief is regarded as only another manifestation of that spirit of self-satisfaction which is supposed to be characteristic of our nation, we may surely regard it as containing a large element of truth. And if we raise ourselves to a rather higher level, and

consider that the conquest of these savage peoples, besides securing for them and for us the blessings of peace, is also the means of bringing within our knowledge habits of life and thought so widely differing from our own; and if we are really 'instructed that true knowledge leads to love,' that where knowledge has begun, sympathy will follow, we may perhaps admit that after all, though evil may have been done, good may come of it.

Reflections such as these are suggested by the two handsome and well-illustrated volumes which have just issued from the government press at Rangoon, on the Chin Hills, and the history, manners, and customs of the inhabitants. Our relations with the Chins have been so very characteristic that it might be worth while to narrate them at length as an illustration of the methods of British policy. But, interesting as this theme is, more interesting is that which concerns our common humanity, and it is to this, as illustrated in this new gazetteer, to which we propose to turn, after a few words of preliminary explanation.

The Chin Lushai tract forms a parallelogram some 250 miles long, and 100 to 150 broad, lying, roughly, to the east of Assam, to the south of Manipur, to the west of Upper Burma, and to the north of Arakan. It is intersected from north to south by lofty and difficult mountain-chains ranging between 5000 and 10,000 feet high, thickly covered with vegetation. Primeval forest climbs the mountain sides, gradually becoming sub-tropical, till it gives way to dense pine woods, which in their turn yield to holly, rhododendron, and bamboo—the rhododendron flowering where no other tree can live. Ridge after ridge of this kind of country stretches as far as the eye can reach. It is the ideal home—to such base uses does nature come!—of dacoits, and such it has been from time immemorial. Exactly what its inhabitants are and how they got there it is difficult to say. According to an at least plausible theory, they are a part of the Dravidian, Chinese, and Tibetan stocks, who at one time, some 3000 years ago, lived together in or even to the west of Tibet. The first to move were the Dravidians, who spread over India, where they were eventually overrun by the Aryans. Next the Chinese moved eastwards, and lastly from time to time smaller hordes poured southwards into India and Burma. To one of these later immigrations a competent authority thinks that the Kukis of Manipur, the Lushais of Bengal and Assam, and the Chins belong.

It was the cession of Chittagong to the East India Company in 1760 that first brought the Lushais nominally into contact with the British power in India, but it was a hundred years before any attempt was made to bring them under control. Meanwhile, the annexation of Tipperah in 1761, and Arakan in 1826, the extension of the British sphere of influence to Manipur in the same year, the constitution of Assam as a non-regulation province in 1838, and in much more recent times the annexation of Burma in 1886, have gradually encircled the tract with British territory. Now it has been our consistent policy in India to leave frontier tribes whom, for political reasons, it was undesirable to reduce, and hill tribes whom, for geographical reasons, it was difficult to reduce, in possession of their independence; always provided

that they abstained from aggression and hostility. The policy is an old one; it was practised by the Roman republic and Empire, and in our hands it has been justified by its results. But the Lushais and Chins were impossible neighbours. Year after year they descended towards all four points of the compass from their mountain fastnesses, burning the villages of the plains, and killing or carrying into captivity their inhabitants. In course of time these inhabitants had become, by the events already alluded to, British subjects, and the government could not allow this state of affairs to continue. Isolated punitive expeditions had failed of their effect, and nothing remained but to occupy the country permanently. After seven years' campaigning, which are still fresh in the public memory, this has been done. The Chin Hills have been proclaimed part of the Province of Burma, and are amenable to British Indian law; and the work of pacification has proceeded so far that it is now possible to withdraw the troops from at least part of the district, and substitute for them (as in Burma itself) a military police.

A word has already been said as to the ethnology of the inhabitants of this newly proclaimed tract, and we have seen what their origin probably was. Taking them as they are now, we may say that though in origin racially identical—they are all Kukis—they have been split up, partly by village warfare, partly by the absence of a written language, into some six different tribes, which, together with certain independent southern villages, amount to a population of, roughly, 90,000. But in spite of almost infinite diversity of habits and customs, their general characteristics are said to be pretty much the same, and are summed up in none too favourable terms: 'The slow speech, the serious manner, the respect for birth and the knowledge of pedigrees, the duty of revenge, the taste for a treacherous method of warfare, the curse of drink, the virtue of hospitality, the clannish feeling, the vice of avarice, the filthy state of the body, mutual distrust, impatience under control, the want of power of combination and of continued effort, arrogance in victory, speedy discouragement and panic in defeat, are common traits throughout the hills.' Not a bright picture, certainly, but one which the detailed descriptions given by our officers seems fully to warrant. The dignified and self-assured Haka, the deceitful and treacherous Siyin, the shrewd and diplomatic Tashon, all seem to show our unregenerate nature at its worst, and it cannot even be said of them that they have the virtue of their defects. The idea of honour is altogether foreign to them. They think it natural and right to lie or deceive whenever they expect to gain thereby. An oath has little binding force for them, except, perhaps, their most solemn oath—that of eating earth. Though brave in war, here again they have no conception of honour, their one idea being to take as many lives as possible; it is immaterial to them whose life they take or how they take it. Hence they prefer to kill their enemy from behind, and to murder helpless women and children; thereby affording a curious illustration of the Benthamite doctrine that every man counts one and no more.

Their lives are divided between agriculture, hunting, fighting, and feasting. All their work

is done in the fields, artificially terraced on the steep hillside to prevent the surface soil and its contents being washed bodily away by the rains. They do not cultivate in common, but on the other hand, their fields are not separated by hedges; and the Chin regards it as his right to shoot ruthlessly anybody else's cattle which he may chance to find straying on his own land. The objects of cultivation include millets of various kinds: rice, maize, peas, beans, sweet potatoes, yams, and other roots; pumpkins, cucumbers, marrows, gurkins, onions, chillies, and other vegetables. On these the Chin relies chiefly for his sustenance; for though he eats animal food greedily when he can get it (a dozen of them once got hold of the beef intended for fifty of our own troops, and devoured it all before they could be stopped), and is catholic in his tastes (he is said to eat everything except man and tiger, though in the south dog and goat are not fashionable), yet his hunting brings him in less than his labour.

But the labour is not unattended with danger, and in the more distant fields it is carried on under the protection of guards and sentries. For one of the favourite Chin tactics is to surprise a party of field workers, and it is said that nine out of every ten persons whose heads were carried off before our advent established a more settled state of things, lost their lives in or near their fields. For in this country every man's hand is against his neighbour. There is no justice, and no one to administer it. Might is right; and though smaller offences, such as the murder of another man's slave, may be compensated by money, anything more serious becomes the cause of a blood feud, which may extend from village to village, if the offender seeks refuge in a neighbouring village, and his hosts decline to give him up. Once started, a blood feud is interminable, for its consequences extend to the future life; and though the Chins have no hell for the wicked, they have one for him who dies by the hand of his enemy unavenged. Indeed, many believe that the slain becomes the slave of the slayer in the next world; and although his death may be avenged, nothing can alter the fact that he must remain a slave. Should the slayer himself be slain, then the first slain is the slave of the second slain, who in turn is the slave of the man who killed him!

The heads of slain enemies are cut off, and stuck on poles outside the village, not inside, lest his spirit haunt the place. For the Chins are very superstitious. Though they do not believe in any Supreme Being, or if (as in the south) they do, it is in one incapable of anything but harm, yet they recognise and dread innumerable spirits. Twenty dwell in the house, twelve infest the fields, seven inhabit the jungle, eight control the rain, others live in particular trees, or woods, or hills, and all are authors of misfortune and calamity, and must be propitiated by sacrifice. It is to them that, like most savages, the Chin ascribes his illness. Wounds he understands and recovers from with astonishing rapidity and completeness. 'There is a man in the Kanhow country who was mauled by a bear four years ago; his right eye and the whole of his cheek, most of the nose, and part of the jaw were carried away, and on one side of the head he resembles a skull, as all the

bone and teeth are exposed. This man carried loads for us during the last two years, and he dances at all the feasts.' But the unseen and insidious ravages of disease are attributed to spirits or the evil eye. Cholera is a demon whom they scare away with drawn swords; and a story is told of how a Chin came to one of our army doctors 'and complained that a rat had entered his stomach at the glance of a Yahow, and he went to the hospital quite prepared to die. He was, however, given an emetic, and reported in the morning that he had vomited up the rat in the night, and he then went home happy and cured.'

The most common illnesses among them are cholera and other bowel complaints, as is not unnatural considering the climate, their filthy habits, and their voraciousness. For if the Chins have one quality which may be accounted as a virtue, it is hospitality. No pretext for a feast is allowed to pass unused, whether it be a birth, a death, a marriage, a sacrifice, 'the payment of a debt, the making of an agreement, the slaughter of an enemy, the shooting of a deer;' and a feast 'implies a drinking bout, sometimes of many days' duration.' They drink a liquor named 'zu,' which is made from rice, millet, or Indian corn. It is described as 'a most refreshing drink after a hot march,' and is said to 'pull one together more quickly than any other stimulant in times of great fatigue.' Its effects do not appear to be very deleterious, for the Chin usually lives to a good age, though an habitual drunkard from childhood. 'Men, women, and even babies at their mothers' breasts all drink; and a state of intoxication is considered as creditable as it is pleasant. No event is complete without liquor, and nothing is an offence when committed under the influence of liquor. Not to ply a visitor with liquor is considered the height of discourtesy, and the warmth of a man's reception is gauged by the number of pots of liquor broached for him.' Consequently, as may be imagined, a feast is not a very edifying spectacle. On the arrival of the guests, pigs and oxen are slaughtered, and their flesh hacked off and boiled. During this process drinking begins. The guests sit in long rows, with their liquor pots between their knees, sucking hard at the tube, and talking very little. When the food is ready, all fall to, still silently, until, hunger satisfied, they revert to drink. Then their spirits begin to rise, gongs and horns are produced, and dancing and singing begin. 'As the night wears on, the revellers become hopelessly drunk: some sit moodily in corners, some lie with their faces in the dirt, and others quarrel and fight with fists.'

Altogether, the picture of these fellow-subjects of ours, as painted by our officers in the sober style of scientific inquiry, is not a pleasant one. We look in vain for anything that might be called a redeeming feature. But in public and private life, in the relation of father and son, mother and children, husband and wife, friend and friend, there is nothing to which they can appeal, who love to go back behind the corrupting influences of civilised life to the pure and unfallen 'life according to nature.' It is quite evident that here, at all events, civilisation, in the best sense of the word, has a great task before it. There is no reason to suppose that it will fail.

But human nature is not changed in a day, and it will be many a long day before the Chin becomes an ornament to a west-end drawing-room.

## A ROGUE'S ERRAND.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

I.

THE time was eleven o'clock on a sunny morning in May some thirty years ago, and the place, the Long Walk in the Regent's Park, London.

Two people, coming from opposite directions, both young and both fairly good-looking, met and shook hands. Leo, a big Newfoundland dog, who acted as the girl's escort, made a third at the meeting, and welcomed Eustace Dare with three or four effusive barks.

'You must not detain me more than a very few minutes,' said Miss Everson as her lover took one of her hands. 'Indeed, I would not have come out at all to-day had I not been anxious that you should know the news.'

As a rule Mary Everson was all smiles and blushes when she met Dare; to-day, however, her face was both pale and serious.

'What news?' asked Dare quickly.

'That of your uncle's illness.'

'Ah!' ejaculated the young man, the whole expression of his dark handsome face changing on the instant.

'It was on Saturday we met last,' resumed Mary. 'Well, in the course of Sunday Uncle James, who, as you are aware, has been ailing for a long time, became seriously worse. Yesterday morning his symptoms were so alarming that Dr Burrows obtained his sanction to calling in an eminent specialist. Of the result of the consultation I of course know nothing; but I am happy to say that to-day uncle is very much better—Dr Burrows himself admits as much. After breakfast this morning a lawyer, whom he had previously sent for, arrived, and after being closeted with him for upwards of an hour, took away his instructions for the drawing up of his will, which he is to bring at ten o'clock on Saturday morning, ready to be signed and witnessed.'

'He must indeed be ill,' said Dare, 'if he has consented to have his will drawn up. I was afraid he would go off one of these days without having made it, and leave everything at sixes and sevens.'

There was a little space of silence—they were now walking side by side—and then Dare said: 'I suppose, darling, that Uncle James has given you no hint as to how he intends to leave his property?'

'None whatever, Eustace; why should he?' asked Mary, turning a surprised face on her lover.

'Oh, I know of no reason why he should. Still, I thought it just possible that he might have let something drop in your hearing about his intentions.'

Mary shook her head. There was something in Eustace's remark which jarred on her feelings. 'I can go no farther to-day,' she said presently; and with that she turned and began to retrace her steps.

Dare turned with her. Usually he had plenty to say for himself, but to-day he was silent and preoccupied; neither was Mary in any mood for talking. At the Park gates they parted. Before letting her go he drew from her a promise that she would endeavour to meet him again on Saturday and bring him whatever news there might be to tell by that time. She had already an address to which she could telegraph to him in case of need.

Eustace Dare was the orphaned nephew of Mr James Armishaw, an Englishman, now nearly sixty years old, who had made a fortune in the United States, and still had his home there. Being unmarried and having no other relatives nearer than some half-cousins, Mr Armishaw had adopted his sister's son when the latter was twelve years of age, and had brought him up with the intention of making him his successor when he should see fit to retire from business.

In the course of a holiday visit to England, Mr Armishaw had sought out one of his half-cousins, a country doctor with a large family and a small income, and had been so pleased with the latter's eldest daughter that he had taken her back with him to the States. This was the Mary Everson whose acquaintance we have already made.

Mary and Eustace had not been long under the same roof before they fell in love with each other, and that not only without the sanction, but without the knowledge of Mr Armishaw. A little later had come a terrible explosion. The merchant, who for some time past had seen cause to find serious fault with Eustace, after a stormy interview with the young man, bade him quit his roof for ever. But, in order to save him from going wholly to the dogs, if he were minded to change his ways, his uncle after a few days so far relented as to settle on him an allowance equivalent to two hundred pounds a year of English money. The only explanation of the affair which Mr Armishaw vouchsafed Mary was, that his nephew had offended him beyond forgiveness, and that she was never to mention his name again.

But when Dare next saw Mary, which he contrived to do a few days later, and when he found that his uncle had told her no particulars concerning their quarrel, he did not fail to make it appear that he was a very ill-used person indeed, nor did he leave her till he had succeeded in enlisting her sympathies on his side. He told her that he loved her more devotedly than ever, and, girl-like, she believed him, and vowed that nothing should induce her to give him up.

At this time Mr Armishaw and Mary had been about a month in London. It had been thought that change of air and scene might benefit the merchant's health, and his intention had been to do the grand tour, as it used to be called, leisurely and by easy stages. For the present, however, all thought of resuming his journey was out of the question.

Dare had left the States for England about two months prior to his uncle's departure, the reason he alleged to Mary being that the chance of a first-rate situation had offered itself in London. Mary had written, informing him of their time of sailing, and she had not been

many hours in town before he arranged a meeting with her. Mr Armishaw, to whom, in the state of his health, the noise and bustle of a hotel were objectionable, had taken private apartments within a bowshot of Portland Place, from which to the Regent's Park, where Mary was in the habit of meeting Dare, was little more than a ten minutes' walk.

Mary Everson's life at this juncture had but one source of unhappiness, which arose from the fact that, as circumstances were just then, she was under the necessity of keeping her engagement a secret from Mr Armishaw. She loved and revered her 'uncle' (as he had taught her to call him), and would fain have had no secrets from him; but while he remained so embittered against his nephew, silence was her only policy. Dare had not failed to impress upon her that he had been treated both with harshness and injustice; and although it seemed difficult to believe that Mr Armishaw could so treat any one, still, being wholly ignorant of his reasons for discarding Eustace, she was not in a position to doubt, much less to dispute, her lover's positive assertions in the matter. All she could do was to wait patiently in the hope that before long Mr Armishaw would see cause to regret his treatment of Eustace, and take him back into favour. Then would come the time for their secret to be told.

Eustace Dare had been waiting in the Park on Saturday for upwards of an hour before his eyes were gladdened by the sight of Mary and Leo in the distance. After an affectionate greeting, Dare proceeded to cross-question Mary regarding the drawing up of his uncle's will.

'Mr Pearson, the lawyer, brought it at ten o'clock this morning,' said Mary, 'accompanied by one of his clerks. After it had been read over to uncle, he signed it, and it was then signed by the clerk and Mr Baxter, the landlord of the house where we are lodging, as witnesses. Scarcely was the lawyer gone before uncle sent for me, and at his request I enclosed it, together with a short note which he had written, in a double sheet of thick paper, which I sealed with green wax and stamped with uncle's signet ring, which he took off for the purpose. Then I addressed the packet in my very best hand to Messrs Spurling and Spurling, his lawyers, at New York. Finally, I posted the packet a few minutes before coming to meet you.'

For some time they walked on in silence, Dare seeming so deeply immersed in his own thoughts that Mary refrained from speaking.

All along his hope had been that his uncle would die intestate, in which case he, Eustace Dare, would succeed to everything as heir-at-law. Consequently it was a terrible blow to him to find that his uncle had at length summoned up resolution to take a step which for years he had kept putting off from one time to another. That Mr Armishaw would wholly overlook him in his will he did not greatly fear, but that he would bequeath to him any large share of his property he had good reason to doubt; it might also be accepted as a fact that Mary would be handsomely provided for; and after that, in all probability, the bulk of



his property would be divided among various charities. If only he should have died without having made a will, what a different place the world would have been to Eustace Dare! But it was absurd to reason in that way. The will was an indubitable fact, and nothing now could cancel or abrogate its provisions, unless the testator of his own accord should choose to do so, of which there was no likelihood whatever.

Then suddenly a wild project—a madman's project, nothing less—leapt to life, full-grown, in his brain. Rousing himself from his abstraction, he said with a laugh:

'I am afraid, dear, that you find me but dull company this morning; but my excuse must be that just now I am a good deal worried and put about. After to-day you must not look to see me for some time to come, because, like my uncle's will, I too am bound for America, called there by important business which admits of no delay.'

Mary looked at him with troubled eyes.

'When do you start?' she asked in a voice which was not quite so steady as usual.

'To-night without fail. A few hours in New York will be all I shall need, so that I hope to be back in London within three weeks from now. It would be rather singular, would it not, if my uncle's will and I were to cross the Atlantic by the same steamer?'

When Mary returned she found Mr Armishaw labouring under some strange excitement.

'Several months,' he said, 'have now gone by since I told you that I never wished to hear the name of my unworthy nephew mentioned in my presence again. From that time to this he has been to me as one dead. To-day, however, the fact that he is still in existence has been recalled to my memory after a very unpleasant fashion. While you were out this letter reached me. I am wishful that you should read it.'

Mary took the letter, and crossing to the other window, read it with her face turned from her uncle. She saw with a thrill that it was in a woman's writing.

It was from a certain Emmeline Dare, who communicated the startling fact that Mr Eustace Dare was a married man, and that she was his wife. By profession a singer, she confessed that she had found her husband utterly unprincipled, selfish to the last degree, a born gambler, and an adept in every gentlemanly vice; and yet withal plausible, even fascinating, when it suited his purpose. Husband and wife had quarrelled and parted ere two months had gone by, but Dare had followed her to England, where he had subjected her to a series of petty annoyances, and had coerced her into making him an allowance out of her earnings.

It will readily be imagined with what varied emotions Mary read such a letter. The words seemed to burn themselves into her brain. When she had read to the last word, the hand that held the letter dropped by her side, and she stood staring out of the window with unseeing eyes till her uncle's voice recalled her to time and place.

'Well, and what do you think of Master Eustace now?' he asked. 'I know too much of him already not to feel sure that he is

quite capable of acting in the way he is here charged with. You must know that it was his forgery of my name to a bill for a considerable amount which brought matters to a climax with me. Twice already had I paid his gambling debts, while sundry other discreditable transactions on his part, of which he imagined I knew nothing, had not failed to reach my ears. But it was the forgery that crowned the edifice of his misdeeds. I met the bill, saying no word to any one; but from that day he and I have never met.' Then, after a momentary pause, he added: 'How I loved that boy no one but myself can ever know.'

'And this is the man—Heaven help me!—to whom I have given my heart and promised my hand,' said Mary to herself. 'And he—what must he have thought of the gift? How he must have laughed at my folly! How lightly he must hold me for allowing my heart to be so easily stolen away!' It had, indeed, needed but a handsome face and a persuasive tongue to fool her to the top of her bent. Oh, how she despised herself! And, to crown all, he was married.

Mr Armishaw's voice broke her reverie. 'By the way, dear, I suppose you duly posted my will this morning?'

'Yes, uncle; it never left my hands till I had given it into charge of the official at the post-office, who weighed and stamped it.'

In the course of the Sunday following, the *Montezuma*, one of a fleet of well-known liners running between Liverpool and New York, having left the former port on the preceding day, called as usual at Queenstown to take on board her final complement of passengers and mails before crossing the Atlantic. Among other passengers who joined the *Montezuma* at the Irish seaport was Eustace Dare. It was as a result of the knowledge acquired by him in the course of three previous voyages that he had conceived the audacious design which he was now bent on carrying into effect.

At the period to which our narrative refers it was the practice of the postal authorities to send a couple of officials—one of them being an officer of a superior grade and the other an ordinary sorter—in charge of the mails between Liverpool and New York and *vice versa*. It was the duty of these officials, in the course of the voyage, to sort the contents of the late mails which had been put on board at Queenstown, and make them up into different bags in accordance with their varying destinations on the great continent. The bulk of the mails, which were put on board at Liverpool, had already been sorted prior to leaving England. On the return voyage a similar process was gone through with that portion of the American mail which had been taken on board at the last moment. It will be enough to record that the process of sorting the late mails on board ship was discontinued in the year 1868, from which date other arrangements came into operation.

The sorting office was a special structure, placed well forward on the main deck, just large enough for the two officials to work comfortably in, and fitted up much after the style of the travelling post-offices, into which most of us

have taken a surreptitious peep in the course of our night journeyings. The chief official, who wore a dark blue uniform with a single gold stripe on each sleeve of his coat, ranked as a first-class passenger, and in all respects was treated as such.

The name of this official on the voyage with which we are concerned was Mr Jevons, a gentlemanly man verging towards middle age, who had been many years in the service, and had travelled in the same capacity on other lines besides that between England and the United States. He was a bachelor and somewhat of a lady's man, was fond of cards, as a pleasant means of dissipating the ennui which is too apt to make its presence felt on board ship, and could generally hold his own on an evening in the saloon when whist, euchre, cribbage, or what not was to the fore. On one point Mr Jevons was inflexible; he would never play for more than trifling stakes, just enough, as he put it, 'to give an interest to the game,' whatever it might be.

Eustace Dare seized the first opportunity that offered itself to enter into conversation with Mr Jevons, which was on the Sunday evening about three hours after they had left Queens-town, while that officer was taking a 'constitutional' on deck. There was rather a heavy swell on, and the majority of the passengers had found it convenient to remain below. Mr Jevons, who was of a sociable disposition, made no difficulty about responding to Dare's advances, neither did he refuse one of the very superior cigars, with a stock of which that young gentleman had seen fit to furnish himself before leaving town. From that time forward Dare stuck close to Mr Jevons and cultivated his society assiduously.

On the fourth day out Dare said to the mail officer as they got up from luncheon together: 'By the way, what sort of a den is that in which, day after day, you and your man shut yourselves up from the sight of everybody? I confess that I have a great curiosity to see it.'

'Come with me, then, and you shall have a peep at it. More than that I can't promise you. It is against the rules to allow any one not a P. O. official to set foot inside it.'

Dare followed Mr Jevons, his heart beating considerably faster than ordinary.

The officer unlocked the door with the patent key which was never let out of the possession of himself or his subordinate, and having flung it wide, he paused with Dare on the threshold while the latter took a survey of the interior. On the floor were scattered a number of bags with broken seals, some empty, others only partially so. Two-thirds of the space was occupied by the sorting desk, backed by an arrangement of pigeon-holes of various sizes, many of which were already crammed with mail matter almost to repletion. Dare's quick eyes, roaming from one pigeon-hole to another, presently spied protruding from one of them a longish and somewhat bulky packet, having an outer covering of blue-white paper, which some instinct seemed to tell him was his uncle's coveted will. The pigeon-hole contained other letters and papers, and from where he was

standing he could neither make out the address, nor tell whether it bore on its back the seal of green wax stamped with his uncle's signet ring of which Mary Everson had made mention. Still, he felt all but sure that there in very deed was the identical document, in order to secure which he was prepared to run almost any risk and go to almost any extreme.

For a few moments all his faculties seemed concentrated in his eyes, and when Mr Jevons informed him that the day after to-morrow the sorting would be finished, he had to bring himself back with an effort.

As Dare turned away, after thanking Mr Jevons, his face changed. 'So,' he said, drawing a long breath, 'in the course of the day after to-morrow the re-sorted bags will be made up and sealed. My attempt must take place either to-night or to-morrow; after that it will be too late. To-night, then, let it be, in case the first attempt should prove a failure.'

### THE LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE TEMPLE.

Few things can lend a charm like that of association with great men and great events; and no associations appeal more strongly than those with the great names in our literature—the names of those who have charmed us in our hours of ease, or cast a cloak of comfort round us in our troublous times of unrest. They surround us with a fascination that cannot be analysed, and with simple reverence we stand uncovered in the presence of aught that suggests the great man's name.

Though Hampstead Heath is, and always has been, the abode of many distinguished literary men, 'The Temple,' lying between Fleet Street and the Embankment, is almost as closely associated with literature, teeming as it does with the memories of many great names. Brilliantly they cluster round it, the memory of one coming so fast on the association with another that at length they seem like stars lost in each other's brightness. It has little magnificence of architecture, and though most noted for its connection with the English law, much of its interest and fame is entwined with that of English literature. The buildings, dismal and murky-looking with London fog and smoke, the worn flagstones, the rickety staircases, the sun-dials, the fountain, and the old-fashioned pumps have all a share in the glory of our literature.

It was about 1327 or 1328 that the Temple buildings came into the hands of a body of lawyers from Thavies' Inn, Holborn. They took it on a lease from the Knights Hospitallers of St John at a rent of £10 a year. That century gave two great names to our literature, Gower and Chaucer, and both of these the Temple claims as members. Had one no other information, one would have concluded from the reading of Chaucer's description of the 'sergent of lawe ware and wise' and of the 'gentil manciple of the Temple' in the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, as well as from the knowledge of law displayed throughout his writings, that he must have been intimately connected

with the legal profession. Chaucer, it is inferred (though Chaucer's biographers, alas! do not accept the inference), was a member of the Inner Temple, for Buckley, a writer of the reign of Elizabeth, mentions a record of that society in which 'Geoffrey Chaucer was fined 2s. for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street.' Gower, too, was a student of law, and in one place refers to having met Chaucer in the Temple. Thus early commences the connection of the two societies of the Temple with literature.

From the time of Chaucer till the reign of Elizabeth, English literature can present us with few great names, and the records of the Temple are equally barren. Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, the lofty, melancholy, and moral author of the *Mirror of Magistrates*, became a member about the beginning of Elizabeth's reign. He was the founder of the Dorset family, and, as Walpole called him, 'the patriarch of a race of genius and wit.' He was an intimate friend of Spenser, who has dedicated a sonnet to him, and he is further connected with literature by the fact that the *Schoolmaster* of Roger Ascham was written for his children.

The Temple, too, has its share in the Elizabethan dramatists, as it can number among its members Massinger, Ford, and Beaumont. Of the personal life of Massinger we know very little; but from old editions of his works we learn that some of his plays were composed for the society of the Inner Temple, of which he was a member, and that they were performed in the hall of that Inn. His tragedy, *The Picture*, was dedicated 'To my honoured and select friends of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple.' His contemporary Ford, the great painter of unhappy love, was also a member of the Inner Temple. He does not appear to have depended on his literary work for his livelihood, but rather to have followed diligently the employment of the law. Beaumont, who collaborated with Fletcher in those works which vie with Shakespeare's in tragic and romantic eloquence, belonged to the Middle Temple. Both were of high social status, Beaumont being the son of a famous judge and Fletcher the son of a bishop. These three are the contribution of the Temple to an age of great dramatists.

Though Evelyn the diarist was a member of the Middle Temple, and lived at 5 Essex Court, the other great diarist of those days, Samuel Pepys, cannot be claimed. Both, however, mention the Temple in their writings. In 1642, Evelyn tells us, he was chosen Comptroller of the Christmas revels at the Middle. He was then twenty-two years of age. Many years later he writes: 'Went to see the revels at the Middle Temple, an old but riotous custom, which hath relation neither to virtue nor to policy.' Pepys tells us of an amusing incident which happened in 1669. 'My lord mayor being invited this day to dinner at the Reader's Feast at the Temple, and endeavouring to carry his sword up, the students did pull it down, and force him to go and stay all day in a private councillor's chambers, until the reader himself could get the young gentlemen to dinner. And then my lord mayor did retreat out of the Temple with his sword up.

This did make a great heat among the students, and my lord mayor did send to the king, and also I hear that the drums did beat for the train bands; but all is over, only I hear the students have resolved to try the charter of the city.'

'Honest Tom Southerne,' the first to hold up to execration the slave-trade, and the author of *The Fatal Marriage*, was entered as a student of the Middle Temple in 1678. He soon deserted the law for the profession of arms, and is said to have been present at the battle of Sedgemoor. Congreve, the comrade of Swift at Kilkenny school, became a member of the Middle Temple when he came to London, but, like Southerne and Rowe, soon forsook law for literature, and became the darling of society. Rowe, the author of *Jane Shore* and *The Fair Penitent*, entered the Temple in 1691. The study of law, however, had little attraction for one of such good presence and lively manners; and on his father's death in 1692 he betook himself to society and literature, and enriched our vocabulary with his 'gallant, gay Lothario.' Fielding the novelist had some experience of the world before he joined the Middle Temple in 1737, aged thirty, at a time when he seemed to have to 'choose between being a hackney coachman and the career of a hackney writer.' The record of his entry is as follows: '1 Nov<sup>bris</sup>. 1737.—Henricus Fielding de East Stour in Com. Dorset, Ar., filius et hæres apparens Brig. Gen<sup>lis</sup>: Edmundi Fielding admissus est in Societatem Medii Templi Lond. specialiter et obligatur cum,' &c. He is said to have studied vigorously, and often to have left a tavern late at night to abstract the abstruse works of authors in civil law. While a student he gave his aid in editing a periodical called *The Champion*, and it is probably of this that Thackeray was thinking when he writes of Fielding, 'with inked ruffles and a wet towel round his head, dashing off articles at midnight, while the printer's boy is asleep in the passage.' After his call he regularly attended the Wiltshire sessions; but he did not succeed, though he appears to have made many friends among the lawyers, as the list of subscribers to his *Miscellanies* shows. Perhaps it was this connection with law which gave him some claim in 1748 to be appointed a Justice of the Peace for Westminster.

Cowper the poet entered the Inner Temple as a student in 1748, and was called in 1754. He was much averse to his profession, and longed for a country life and repose. His necessities, however, compelled him to follow his calling to some extent, and subsequently he was made a Commissioner of Bankrupts and a clerk to the Committee of the House of Lords. Like Beaumont, he was of legal descent, his grandfather having been Spencer Cowper, a justice of the Common Pleas.

Of the famous literary Irishmen of the last century, Burke, Sheridan, Moore, and Goldsmith were members of the Middle Temple. Burke joined in 1750, but his health was weak, and he seems to have spent much of his time travelling about in company. He was never called to the bar, for his distaste for the study of the law led to his rejection of the profession for which he had been destined by his parents. It is said that this angered his father so much

that he withdrew his allowance of £100 a year. When in London, Burke always resided about the Temple, and in 1756 we hear of him lodging above a bookseller's shop at Temple Bar. Sheridan and Moore, who had been together at the school of Mr Samuel Whyte, in Dublin, were both members of the Middle Temple, but forsook law for literature. It was the success of the *Odes of Anacreon* that led Moore to take this step. One cannot but remark how often success in literature has turned aside the ambition for legal honours. It would seem that the young aspirant for fame takes hold of that which first holds out a hand to him. Moore's nominal connection with the legal profession may have stood him in good stead, for he was made Registrar of the Court of Admiralty in Bermuda. 'Poor Goldy,' the kind-hearted and sympathetic poet and essayist, first entered the walls of the Middle Temple in 1763. Here he lived, here he worked, here he died, and, by the north side of the church, a plain slab marks his tomb. He first lived for five years in Garden Court, and there he commenced his *Deserted Village*. Forster, his biographer, writes: 'Nature, who smiled upon him in his cradle, in this garret in Garden Court had not deserted him. Her school was open to him even here, and in the crowd and glare of streets but a step divided him from her cool and calm refreshment. Amongst his happiest hours were those passed at his window, looking into the Temple Gardens . . . as there he sat, with the noisy life of Fleet Street shut out, and made country music for himself out of the noise of the old Temple rookery.' He removed to No. 2 Brick Court in 1768, and there he lived until 1774, the year of his death. 'I have been,' says Thackeray, 'many a time in the chambers in the Temple that were his, and passed up the staircase which Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds trod to see their friend, their poet, their kind Goldsmith; the staircase on which the poor women sat weeping when they heard that the greatest and most generous of men was dead behind the black oak door.'

To the same coterie of the residents of the Temple belonged Johnson and Boswell. They lived in the buildings of the Inner Temple. 'Dr Johnson's Buildings' still bear testimony of the great lexicographer's residence, where many distinguished persons visited him in his untidy rooms. We can imagine how, many a time, with his greasy old wig all awry on his head, and his stockings and slippers as slovenly as usual, he would drag himself, with Boswell by his side, across Hare Court to visit Goldsmith. And as easily can we imagine all three wending their way in the dark evenings to the 'Mitre Tavern,' the famous resort of that jovial company. Boswell lived in Farrer's Buildings, at the entrance to Hare Court, and it is said to be here that he first met Johnson, who found in him a patient listener to his mighty sentences.

No one is more imbued with the spirit and culture of the Temple than Charles Lamb, the charming essayist. He was born one year after Goldsmith's death, in Crown Office Row, in the Inner Temple, facing the gardens, and lived at a later date in Inner Temple Lane. Whatever he may owe to the Temple he has amply

repaid in his essay, 'The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple.' In it he has unfolded the influence on his mind of the surroundings of his childhood in a way that suggests 'how fit it was that he should have been planted there, a rare growth, nourished by the rich soil of the past; in the one place in all London where everyday life yet keeps something like a saving grace of antiquity.' And he tells us that no verses were repeated to himself more frequently or with a more kindly emotion than those of Spenser, beginning:

Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,  
There whilom wont the Templar knights to bide.

He has given a place in English literature to the sun-dials, 'with their moral inscriptions, seeming coevals with that time which they measured, and to take their revelations of its flight immediately from heaven, holding correspondence with the fountain of light. What a dead thing is a clock, with its ponderous embowlements of lead and brass, compared with the simple, altar-like structure and silent heart-language of the old dial!' The Temple fountain, too, is one of his sweetest memories, 'which I have often made to rise and fall, how many times to the astoundment of the young urchins, my contemporaries, who were almost tempted to hail the wondrous work as magic.'

Two great names of more modern times will always be associated with the Temple from their having immortalised it in their works, namely, Thackeray and Dickens. Thackeray began to study law in the Temple about 1831, when he was twenty years of age, for we find that a note of his dated Hare Court, Temple, Dec. 16, 1831, records that he has just finished 'a long-winded declaration about a mortgage.' There is no other mention of his connection with law, though one of his letters in 1833 is dated from 5 Essex Court, Temple. It is strange that this address was that of Evelyn the diarist. It is not, however, Hare Court or Essex Court around which Thackeray has thrown a perennial interest, but 'No. 6 Lamb's Court,' the residence of Pen and Mr George Warrington. It was here Fanny Bolton nursed Pen in his illness, and here afterwards came Pen's mother, Laura, and the major. And it was under the lamp in the Court that Fanny, after she was turned out, used to stand weeping in the evening, listening to the family making merry upstairs with her hero. It was in the room below, too, that Miss Laura amused herself with Mr Percy Sibright's books, wig, and scent bottles. Dickens has immortalised the Temple fountain, of which he writes so delightfully in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and round which shall for ever cling the romance of Ruth Pinch and John Westlock. Many a time Ruth went through the square where the fountain is, to meet her brother, and 'it was a good thing for that same paved yard to have that little figure flitting through it, passing like a smile from the grimy old houses, and the old love letters shut up in iron boxes in the neighbouring offices might have stirred and fluttered with a moment's recollection of their ancient tenderness as she went lightly by.' It was here she met John Westlock, and nothing can excel the passage



in which Dickens, with an exquisite touch, tells of their meeting. 'Merrily the tiny fountain played, and merrily the dimples sparkled on its sunny face, as John hurried after her: softly the whispering water broke and fell, and roughly the dimples twinkled as he stole upon her footsteps.' When they met on another occasion their steps turned towards the fountain, and when it was reached they stopped and glanced down Garden Court, 'because Garden Court ends in the gardens, and the gardens end in the river, and that glimpse is very fresh and bright on a summer day.' Shakespeare has made the gardens famous by his conception (in *Henry VI., Part I.*) that the quarrel which led to the Wars of the Roses took place there, the disputants Somerset, Suffolk, Warwick, and Plantagenet having adjourned thither, as 'Within the Temple hall we were too loud.' In these gardens, too, Sir Roger and Mr Spectator used to walk, discoursing on the beauties in hoops and patches, that hovered about on the green lawn. The hall of the Middle Temple has an unique fame, in that it is the only building now existing in which a play of Shakespeare was acted during the author's lifetime. We learn from the diary of a member of that society that on February 2, 1601, 'at our feast we had a play called "Twelve Night, or What you will," much like the "Comedy of Erroures" or the "Menechmi" of Plautus.' This performance was at the Readers' Feast at Candlemas, and there on 10th February last the Benchers and their friends held a 'revel,' when *Twelfth Night* was again acted, in the way it is believed to have been done in 1601.

To enter into a survey of those living writers who are members of the Temple would be a difficult task, so numerous are they. Let it suffice to say that many of those who are now among the successful in literature are claimed as members, and have felt, like Tom Pinch, the strange and mystic charm that hangs around the chambers in the Temple. The very atmosphere suggests a thought of learning and peaceful meditation, and one feels, in passing day by day where once the great ones trod, that their memories seem to assume, as Coleridge says, 'the accustomed garb of daily life, a more distinct humanity, that leaves our admiration unimpaired,' and that there is thrown around this ancient home of the Templar Knights a fame as fresh and charming as the memory of those with whom it has been associated.

## A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

By ARCHIBALD EYRE.

'MARRIAGE is the saving of a young man,' said my Aunt Tabitha sententially.

I assented, for I find it pays to give a ready acquiescence to abstract propositions.

'You must marry,' continued my aunt.

I hesitated, for to assent to the concrete is more dangerous.

'I am still very young,' I said meekly.

My aunt turned to my mother. 'Whom shall Alfred marry?'

My mother shook her head.

'Somebody nice,' she volunteered.

'What do you say to Letitia Brownlow?' asked my aunt.

'I would prefer to say nothing to Letitia Brownlow,' I interposed hastily.

'Or Amelia Stafford?'

'Is she not rather'—my mother waved one hand; 'and Alfred is so slim.'

'I think she has a very fine figure,' responded my aunt. 'Or there is Gertrude Williams; she will have a fortune if she outlives her sisters.'

'There are only five of them,' I said hopefully.

'Or Mabel Gordon?'

'She has taken a course of cooking lessons,' observed my mother.

'No, none of these?' I cried decisively.

My aunt looked offended.

'Very well, then, choose for yourself,' she said tartly.

'Perhaps that would help,' I remarked thoughtfully.

'You will choose somebody nice, won't you, Alfred?' said my mother.

'With money,' observed my aunt.

'Well connected,' emphasised my mother.

'Not too young,' added my aunt.

'And religious,' begged my mother.

'There is no objection to her being good-looking?' I asked, a trifle timidly.

'No, I think not,' said my aunt, 'provided she fully understands beauty is but skin-deep.'

'I will tell her,' I murmured.

'Well,' said my aunt impatiently, after a short pause, 'whom do you suggest?'

I thought for a moment.

'What do you say to Winifred Fraser?'

'That minx!' cried my aunt.

'Oh Alfred!' echoed my mother.

'Why not?' I asked.

'Such a dreadful family!' said my mother.

'So fast!' interjected my aunt.

'But have you ever noticed the sun on her hair?' I asked innocently.

My aunt drew herself up.

'We have not noticed the sun on her hair,' she said with much dignity—'nor do we wish to observe the sun on her hair.'

I was justly annoyed. 'I really think it must be Winifred Fraser,' I said. 'She is very fond of me and'—

'How can you be so cruel to me!' cried my mother. 'Have you noticed how gray my hair is getting? You will not have me long.' She drew out her handkerchief.

'You will come to a bad end,' said my aunt. 'I always thought you were depraved. If you marry that painted hussy, you must not expect my countenance.'

'Under the circumstances, I will not marry Winifred Fraser,' I said with great magnanimity, for I did not particularly want my aunt's countenance.

My aunt sniffed. 'You had better not.'

'I merely joked,' I said soothingly, remembering she had not made her will.

'Indeed!'

'The truth is'—I dropped my voice—'I am in love with some one else.'

'And you never told me!' said my mother reproachfully.

'The girl I love is not free.'

'Married!' cried my aunt.

'Not married—but engaged.'  
 'Who is it?' asked my mother gently.  
 I was silent for a moment, and then I sighed.  
 'It is Constance Burleigh.'  
 'It would have been a most suitable match,' murmured my mother.  
 'Very suitable,' repeated my aunt.  
 There was a momentary silence, broken by my aunt.  
 'I did not know Constance was engaged.'  
 'It is a secret; you must not repeat what I have told you.'  
 'I don't like these secret engagements,' said my aunt brusquely. 'Who told you?'  
 'She told me herself.'  
 'Who is the man?'  
 'I do not think I should repeat his name.'  
 'I hope Constance is not throwing herself away.'

I shook my head doubtfully.  
 'You know the man?'  
 I nodded.  
 'Is he quite—quite?'  
 Again I shook my head doubtfully.  
 'What have you heard?' my aunt asked eagerly.  
 'I don't think I ought to repeat these things.'  
 'You can surely trust your mother,' murmured my mother.  
 'And my discretion,' said my aunt.  
 'Well,' I said, 'I have been told he is cruel to his mother.'  
 'Really!' cried the two ladies in a breath.  
 'His mother told me so herself.'  
 'How sad!' said my mother.  
 'And what else?' asked my aunt.  
 'Another relation of his told me he was depraved.'

'Poor, poor Constance!' whispered my mother.  
 'And would probably end badly.'  
 'I expect he drinks,' said my aunt grimly.  
 'Does Constance know this?' asked my mother.  
 'I don't think so.'  
 'You did not tell her?'  
 'Of course not.'  
 'I consider it is your duty to.'  
 'I really cannot.'  
 'Then I will,' said my aunt resolutely.  
 'What I have said has been in confidence.'  
 'I do not care.'  
 'I beg you not to do so.'  
 'It is my duty. I am too fond of Constance to allow her to throw herself away on this worthless man.'

I shrugged my shoulders. 'Do as you please, but don't mention my name. By the way, Constance said she would probably call this afternoon.'

At that moment the bell rang.  
 'That may be her,' said my aunt, flying to the window. 'It is.'

I got up slowly and sauntered into the conservatory which adjoins the drawing-room. From behind a friendly palm I could see without being seen. I saw my aunt look towards my mother.

'If we open her eyes,' I heard her whisper, 'it may pave the way for Alfred.'

My mother said nothing, but I saw the same hope shine from her eyes.

The door opened and the servant announced

Constance. She came forward with a little eager rush; then, stopped short, embarrassed by the want of reciprocity.

'We are glad to see you,' said my mother and kissed her.

My aunt came forward. 'We were just speaking of you,' she said solemnly. 'Sit down.'

Constance looked a little crushed. 'I thought Alfred would have told you,' she murmured.

'We have heard'—began my aunt.

'Hush,' interposed my mother. 'Come nearer me, Constance. Won't you take off your hat?'

Constance came and sat by her side. 'I was anxious to come and tell you that—that—'

'If you are alluding to your engagement,' said my aunt somewhat severely, 'we have already heard of it.'

'You have heard!' cried Constance.

'With the deepest sorrow.'

Constance drew herself up.

'You do not approve?' she asked proudly.

'We love you too much,' said my mother gently.

Constance looked bewildered.

'You are too good for the wretch,' cried my aunt.

'What! Oh what do you mean?' exclaimed Constance.

'If you marry this man,' continued my aunt vigorously, 'you will regret it.'

My mother took her hand. 'My sister should not tell you this so suddenly.'

'It is my duty to speak, and I will,' cried my aunt. 'I will not let Constance unite herself to this man with her eyes closed.'

'What have you against him?' demanded Constance, a red spot beginning to burn in each cheek.

'He drinks,' answered my aunt almost triumphantly.

Constance sank back in the cushions.

'I don't believe it,' she said faintly.

'He ill-treats his mother—beats her, I believe,' continued my aunt.

'This cannot be true,' cried Constance. 'Mrs Granville, tell me!'

My mother nodded sadly.

'Alas! I cannot deny it.'

Constance rose. 'This is awful!' she said, holding on to the back of the sofa. 'I could never have believed it.' She put her hand to her forehead. 'It is like a bad dream.'

'My poor, dear Constance,' murmured my mother, rising and putting her arms round her.

My aunt brought up her artillery. 'He is thoroughly depraved, and will come to a bad end. His relations are at one on this point.'

Constance buried her face in my mother's bosom. 'Oh dear, oh dear, and I love him so,' she sobbed.

In the adjoining room I was becoming uncomfortable.

'We thought it right to tell you,' said my aunt, moved by her tears, 'though Alfred begged and implored us not to.'

'I could never, never have believed it,' sobbed Constance. 'Poor, poor Mrs Granville!'

My mother soothed her.

'How difficult you must have felt it to tell me this,' exclaimed Constance, drying her tears. 'It was so good of you. I will not give him another

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thought. To treat his mother so cruelly! Oh, Mrs Granville, I am so sorry for you!

'It is I who am sorry for you,' said my mother doubtfully.

'And no one would have dreamed it. We always thought you were so fond of him, and spoiled him so utterly. And all the time you were hiding your sorrow. How noble of you!'

My mother looked at Aunt Tabitha, who returned her stare.

'Who ever is it?' said Aunt Tabitha whispering. 'Find out.'

'Where did you meet him, dearest!' whispered my mother.

'Meet him? Why here of course,' said Constance with opening eyes.

'Yes, yes, of course,' said my mother, mystified.

'I thought you would be so pleased, and I hurried across to tell you.'

'Can Alfred have made a mistake?' muttered my aunt hoarsely.

The two elder ladies stood still in the utmost embarrassment.

'I shall never be happy again,' said Constance mournfully.

'Don't say that,' implored my mother. 'Perhaps there is a mistake.'

'How can there be a mistake?' asked Constance, raising her head.

'There can be no mistake,' said my aunt hastily.

'How could he be cruel to you?' cried Constance, kissing my mother.

'Cruel to me?' cried my mother.

'You said he was cruel to you.'

'Of whom are you speaking?' cried both ladies.

'Of Alfred, of course.'

The two elder ladies sat down suddenly.

'You are not engaged to Alfred?' they gasped simultaneously.

'To whom else?' said Constance in amazement.

'There is some misunderstanding,' I observed smoothly, coming in at the moment.

The three fell upon me together.

It took at least an hour to explain. Yet I had said nothing which was not strictly true.

'You will not allow these practical jokes when you are married, will you, Conny?' said my mother fondly.

'I will not,' replied Constance, tightening her lips.

'Marriage is the saving of a young man,' repeated my aunt grimly.

### BABOON-HUNTING ON AN AFRICAN FARM.

Stock farmers in South Africa have to contend with many natural hindrances and difficulties, and not the least among these must be reckoned the constant depredations of wild Carnivora. The most destructive animals still to be found within the civilised limits of Cape Colony and the Orange Free State, are the panther (known locally as the tiger) the jackal, the lynx, the wild cat, and the baboon. In order to cope with these depredators, trapping and poisoning are largely resorted to, and farmers' 'poisoning clubs,' subsidised by government, are a regular institution in many districts of the Colony.

While poison is most effectively used against burrowing creatures of the jackal kind, baboons are best dealt with in open warfare with the rifle, and large baboon-hunting parties are often got up among neighbouring farmers. A short description of one of these baboon hunts may be of interest to readers in the mother-country, and will give them an idea of some of the out-door experiences of their colonial cousins in farming districts between Cape Town and the Vaal River. The special character of baboon-hunting is derived from the fact that baboons are generally found in large troops, numbering up to eighty or a hundred or more. In some of the karroo farms of the Sneeuwberg and Compass Berg ranges in the Midland districts of the Colony, for instance, the rocky krantzes and kopjes covered with bush and boulder are often infested by such troops. So long as they are left undisturbed in their strongholds, so long must the farmer be content to see the tale of his losses in stock grow bigger every day. Single-handed not much can be done, for baboons are difficult to approach, and if surprised at close quarters they have a good idea of defending themselves with large stones. It is one of the farmer's most tantalising experiences to stand at the door of his homestead, gun in hand, and see the baboons just out of range on the rocky sky-line a few hundred yards away—now springing on all fours like a large dog, now squatting on their haunches like a Bushman—and to know that the cunning beasts are just watching till his back is turned that they may seize their opportunity to swoop down and raid his flocks. Their predatory methods, too, are revoltingly cruel, and 'baboon-handled' stock can always be recognised at a glance. They will attack cattle, tearing the udders away with their long powerful hands, and sheep and goats are often found by the herdsmen with their hindquarters stripped of the flesh right to the bone, and left to die in slow torture.

Moreover, the baboon is no respecter of persons, and the costly imported 'long-wool' or the price-less Angora may fall a victim, no less than the common Cape 'hamel' or 'capater' which would only fetch half-a-sovereign or so at the market in Cradock or Graaff-Reinet.

These facts are mentioned to show that the farmer has little cause to love baboons, and that it is to the interest of those who suffer from the raids of these merciless freebooters to combine in force, so as to kill off as many of the common enemy at each *coup de main* as possible.

And now to come to the plan of campaign. An open assault by day is of little use, for the almost human intelligence of the baboon is proverbial, and it is well known that the principles of 'sentry-go' are put into practice in each troop. At the first sign of an enemy's approach the deep barking *Yá-hu! Yá-hu!* of the simian sentinel sounds a warning note to the rest, and immediately the whole troop is seen making off stealthily behind the boulders to the back of the krantz or springing along the spur of the ridge to the heights beyond.

So, to ensure a successful hunt, it is needful to begin circumventing the enemy the day before. The Kaffir herdsmen are sent out towards sunset and instructed to form a wide circle round

the baboons' feeding ground—the prickly pear scrub tracts of the veldt are their special haunts. Quietly narrowing the circle, they gradually head the scattered feeders towards one particular krantz which has been agreed upon, and, by the time it is dark, the baboons, suspecting nothing, are safely ensconced for the night in the rocky clefts of their Majuba Hill.

Meanwhile, from the neighbouring farms in the district, one after another rides to the appointed *rendezvous* at the homestead.

A good 'meet' will muster a dozen or fifteen guns. After suitable refreshment, and perhaps two or three hours' sleep till after midnight, the party of sportsmen make their way by moonlight to the scene of action.

Each man has his position assigned to him. Presently the hill is surrounded, the guns being a hundred yards or so apart. A couple of the party are told off to the post of honour (and danger) at the top of the krantz. This is to cut off the baboon's retreat when the guns begin to shoot from below. The troop is thus hemmed in between two fires. These dispositions having been made as silently as possible, there is nothing more to be done except take out a pipe to keep awake, lying out in the warm clear night to watch for the first streaks of the early South African dawn.

Between three and four in the morning a falling stone or a cracking mimosa branch sets the watchers on the alert. By-and-by in the gray light the first baboon is sighted cautiously coming out to take his morning observations. *Crack!* goes a rifle. The baboon leaps up in the air, and a blood-curdling scream, startlingly human, proclaims that one of the assassins of the sheep-kraal has met his righteous fate. Taken by surprise, the whole troop rushes out to escape, and for the next few minutes things are lively for all the guns, as the baboons clamber up towards the top of the krantz only to find an equally warm reception awaiting them there.

Unless some unguarded point affords a loophole of escape—oversights do occur in the best regulated hunts—the number left *hors de combat* upon the field of battle will be very often as many as thirty or forty, or even more. As the Red Indians' victory was not complete until the scalps of their fallen foes adorned their waist-belts, so the last thing the baboon hunter does is to secure the tails of the slain.

For the tail of a baboon the government offers a reward of three shillings (there is a fixed tariff for the predatory animals according to their size and destructiveness) as an encouragement to the farmers and some compensation for their loss of time. Between six and seven the sportsmen are back at the homestead for an early breakfast before they ride off again to their respective farms. The return from a baboon hunt is generally awaited by the feminine portion of the farmer's household with some degree of suspense and uneasiness. For in the uncertain light of the early morning it is not difficult to mistake a man for a baboon, and the men on the top of the krantz sometimes find the bullets whizzing around at rather too close quarters to be pleasant.

Wild shooting, or an incautious change of

position by one of the party in the excitement of the moment in order to get a better aim, have been known to lead to narrow escapes; and casualties are on record which have resulted in a tragic termination of the hunt. As a commentary upon this element of risk in baboon-hunting, there is a story current of a man who was once asked in an hotel bar: 'Well, how did the hunt go off?' 'Fine,' was the laconic reply; 'forty baboons and two men!' To an adventurous disposition, it is just the dash of danger which adds the zest to the sport, and certainly this kind of campaigning against brute foes is of no small importance in the development of the colonial character. By such experiences as these, young colonists are taught from their childhood to handle a gun, to keep their heads cool in a warm corner, and generally to cultivate that steady self-reliance which has so often been put to the test in graver conflicts through the troubled history of the white man's struggle for South Africa. For in a small way the same kind of qualities are called into play in surrounding the baboon troops in their krantzes as our men had to exhibit not long ago in their operations against the Matabele among their rocks and caves in the Matopopo Hills.

#### HER GARDEN.

THE silent shadow slowly creeps  
Across the dial's moss-grown face.  
What strange new ghost of stillness keeps  
Its haunt in this familiar place?

These are the paths her footsteps trod,  
Her laugh made gay the summer air;  
The kingcup in the marshy sod  
Was not more yellow than her hair.

The sunlight falls on shrub and tree,  
The soft wind stirs the unowned grass,  
The waiting watch-dog looks to see  
One face that never more will pass.

The fruit upon the orchard bough  
Drops idly down, with none to heed;  
The gravel-ways, deserted now,  
Are green with many a springing weed.

The flowers she tended with such care  
In lush luxuriance straggle wild,  
A tangled mass of blossom there  
Where once in rainbow ranks they smiled.

A flock of white doves wheels away  
In sudden flight, with whirr of wings;  
Upon a slender lilac spray  
A little robin lights and sings.

But lonely—lonely—is the place,  
That shadow strikes a chillness there,  
And all the pleasant garden-space,  
To me seems empty, blank, and bare.

MARY MACLEOD.

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